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CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

AND WHY EVEN OF YOURSELVES JUDGE YE NOT WHAT IS RIGHT?—LUKE XII. 57.

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MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

Answer to the question, "Why are you a Christian?

(Continued from p. 13.)

EVIDENCE ARISING FROM THE EARLY TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

But my faith, as a Christian, does not rest on this single foundation. I have other reasons for believing the gospel. The early triumphs of Christianity furnish a *Second*, and in my view, a most weighty argument in support of my religion. And my conviction of its truth gains strength every time I examine its introduction, progress, and establishment in the world. Recurring to the period of its infancy, I find, that it made its way not only without the aid, but in opposition to the civil authority. I observe, that it rose superior to the wit, the argument, and the violence of its enemies. I perceive, that it baffled the arts of the Jewish priests and rulers; and supported itself against the rage of the multitude. When Heathens became its enemies and persecutors, I find their opposition as ineffectual as that of the Jews. Though it was the contempt and derision of the more leading characters in society, yet I take notice, that it gained a wonderful ascendency over the human mind; and at length became the religion of the Roman world. These are facts; and how am I to account for them, if Christianity be a mere fable?

I can easily believe, that an imposture may succeed, if it have the public prejudices, the learning, wealth, and influence of the country, or the sword of the magistrate on its side. I never wondered, that the attempts of Mahomet to establish his religion, were crowned with success. When I peruse the Koran, and examine the materials of which it is composed;—when I observe how much the work is indebted to the Jewish and Christian revelations;—when I survey the particular part, which Mahomet, or his agents supplied;—when I see, with how much art the whole is accommodated to the opinions and habits of Jews, Christians, and Pagans;—when I consider what indulgences it grants, and what future scenes it unfolds;—when I advert to the peculiar circumstances of the times, when its author formed the vast design of assuming the royal and prophetic character;—and more than all, when I contemplate the reformer at the head of a conquering army, the Koran in one hand, and in the other, a sword,—I cannot be surprised at the civil and religious revolution, which has immortalized his name. With his advantages, how could he fail of success? Every thing favoured the enterprise. The nations beheld a military apostle. And they, who were unconvinced by his arguments, trembled at his sword. But did Jesus Christ have recourse to such measures in order to establish his religion? Was he a general, or his apostles soldiers? In proof of his divine mission, did he affront the reason of mankind, by appealing to the sword? Did the learning of the age come to his assistance? Did genius and eloquence plead his cause? Were the principles of his religion such as would easily captivate persons of figure and fashion? Would wealth be partial to them? It is granted, that the laws of Christianity are perfectly accomodated to the reasonable, and moral nature of man; but did the habits of the age, in which they were promulgated, predispose the public mind to receive those laws? And were the doctrines of the gospel consonant to prevailing and popular opinions? There is not a man, who has examined the life, the actions, and the religion of Jesus Christ, who will answer one of these queries in the affirmative.

In the whole compass of history, no fact is better established than the pacific character of our great Master, and the inoffensive measures by which he prosecuted his cause. He proclaimed the truths, and inculcated the duties of his religion; but he used no violence to make men believe the one, or practise the other. He addressed himself to the reason of mankind; and then left them to make up their own judgment. At length he suffered; and his cause devolved upon certain persons who had attended upon his ministry, and been witnesses of his actions.

These persons, called apostles, went forth into the world; and taught the same truths, which they had learned from their master, and which he had sealed with his blood. In imitation of their great pattern, they likewise applied, not to the passions, but to the reason of the age. With the Jews, they argued on their own principles. And for the conviction of Gentiles, they appealed to facts. Not one of their enemies ever pretended, that more formidable weapons were employed by the apostles in the Christian cause. How then shall we account for their success? What induced several thousands of the Jewish nation to embrace Christianity? And why did such multitudes of the Gentile world forsake their superstitions; and receive the religion of the gospel.

Was Christianity a popular system? None could be less so. Did it open the way to a seat in the Sanhedrim, to the honours of the priesthood, or to an office under the Roman government? I never heard the insinuation. Was it an introduction to wealth or power? It was the very reverse. Did it flatter any of the ruling passions of the human heart, or permit their gratification? Every one, who has examined it, knows to the contrary. If then, as the terms are generally understood, it was neither honourable, profitable, nor popular;—if it was the derision of philosophy, and the contempt of learning;—if the wit of the age was exerted against it,—if the priesthood hated, and the magistrate persecuted it, to what cause am I to ascribe the prevalence of Christianity? Under all these disadvantages, what enabled it to keep its ground? Upon one principle only, can I account for this fact to my own satisfaction, and that is the truth of the system, and the patronage of Heaven. I can believe, that truth may triumph over the most formidable opposition; and that God is able to defend his own cause.

For every phenomenon in nature, there must be a sufficient reason. This is a doctrine of philosophy; and not only so, but a dictate of common sense. Taking this principle for granted, I therefore, endeavour to account for the existence of Christianity. I find, that the religion of Jesus is not coeval with many events preserved in history. By means of various records, which have escaped the ravages of time, I perceive, that less than eighteen centuries will carry me back to the age, in which this religion was first proposed to the world. By the confession of its enemies, it derived no support from the family connexions, outward circumstances, or fate of its author. So far from it, all these things operated against it. Jesus Christ, though a very excellent, was in the estimation of the world, a very obscure person. His family, though once exalted, had fallen into decay. And his fate was as infamous as it was unmerited. His followers likewise, and those with whom he left his cause, were generally as obscure as their master.

They had not wealth, to give them importance. They were not men in power. Nor were their natural abilities, or literary attainments so great, as to give them a decided superiority over their enemies. It is certain, therefore, that Christianity did not owe its success to any thing dazzling in the personal accomplishments or circumstances of its first preachers.

Where then, shall I look for the cause? The religion of Christ did prevail; though to persons of figure and influence, its author was an object of contempt; and though his fate was that of the vilest malefactor. It did make its way; though its ministers were the farthest possible from that description of men, who take the lead in society; whose opinions it is the pride of others to adopt; and whose example it is their ambition to follow. It did succeed; though it bore an uniform testimony against all the impiety and immorality practised in the world. Without flattering one disorderly passion of the human heart, without accommodating itself to one corrupt habit, it triumphed over the prejudices of multitudes. And whilst its profession was attended with every temporal discouragement, not only the provinces, but the very city of Rome, abounded with Christians! I ask the question once more, if Christianity be a fable, how am I to account for this revolution?

I well know the solution, which modern ingenuity has proposed. Gibbon's secondary causes I have repeatedly examined; I would hope, with impartiality: I certainly have done it with attention. But they never gave me satisfaction; and for a reason, which the great Sir Isaac Newton shall assign. He says, that a cause must be known to exist; and that it must be adequate to an effect, before it can be admitted into sound philosophy; and before such effect can with propriety be referred to it. But the causes, assigned by those who reject the Christian religion, appear to want both these conditions. We have no proof that many of them ever existed. And united, they seem utterly inadequate to explain the various appearances; and account for the phenomena, to which they have been applied. I am therefore a Christian, because the early conquests of Christianity will not suffer me to reject it as a fable. [*To be continued.*

Mutations of Orthodoxy and Heresy.

There is no doubt that a great portion of the animosity which has existed among christians has been occasioned by the use that has been made of the terms *orthodoxy* and *heresy*. In the various conflicts of parties, one of these words has been used as a *shield*, and the other as a *sword*. We wish to take these equipments from the hands of partizans and lay them by, until they can be used for better purposes, than that of destroying the peace of the church. We shall therefore attempt to show our readers how the public have been imposed upon by the ungodly use which has been made of the terms in question. For this purpose we shall show, that what has been termed *orthodoxy*, is not an invariable system of correct doctrines; that reputed orthodox men in different ages have entertained very opposite opinions; that what has been called orthodoxy in one age, is treated as heresy in another; that what has been called heresy in one age, is orthodoxy in another; and that the same opinions are both orthodox and heretical in the same age, according to the humour of different partizans.

We shall not however take so extensive a range as might be expected on the plan proposed. It is not our intention here to go back to the ancient history of the church, nor to dwell on the well known facts, that papists and protestants equally claimed to be considered orthodox, and mutually reproached each other as heretics. Facts of more recent date will be brought to view, and things which relate to protestants of our own country. As it is our wish to produce an effect favorable to the cause of candor and charity, we shall simply state things as we find them, forbearing all censure of persons or opinions.

No system of doctrines is more generally known in our land, than the shorter catechism of the Westminster Assembly; and no one has more generally been reputed orthodox. This was considered as the standard of orthodoxy in New England, at the commencement of the last century, and by many it is so regarded at the present time. It is however a fact, that the orthodox of the present day deny several doctrines of the catechism, which were formerly esteemed *as essential* as any in the system. Not only so, these very orthodox divines have adopted several opinions which were formerly considered as heretical, and which are as repugnant to the catechism as truth is to error, or light to darkness.

In the catechism we have these two propositions:—

"The covenant being made with Adam not only for himself but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him and fell with him in his first transgression."—"The sinfulness of that estate into which man fell, consists in the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it."

We may here appeal to the aged, and ask: When you were young, was any doctrine more warmly advocated as *essential* than the one now quoted from the catechism? Was it not introduced into almost every prayer you heard made by orthodox ministers and christians? Was it not by many thought to be impossible, that a minister should be a good man, who denied the doctrine?

Let us then listen to the orthodoxy of the present day, relating to the same questions. We shall introduce a passage from Dr. Emmons. In his sermon on Matt. xii. 35. for a second inference he has the following:—

"This subject teaches us that neither a good nor an evil heart can be transmitted or derived from one person to another. Adam could no more convey his good or evil heart to his posterity, than he could convey his good or evil actions to them. Nothing can be more repugnant to scripture, reason, and experience, than the notion of our deriving a corrupt heart from our first parents. If we have a corrupt heart, as undoubtedly we have, it is altogether our own, and consists in evil affections and other evil exercises, and not in any moral stain, pollution, or depravity, derived from Adam. This clearly appears from the very essence of an evil heart, which consists in evil exercises, and not in any thing prior to, distinct from, or productive of evil emotions or affections. The absurd idea of *imputed* and *derived depravity*, originated from the absurd idea of the human heart, as being a principle, propensity, or taste distinct from all moral exercises. But since every man's corrupt heart is his own, and consists in his own free and voluntary exercises, he ought to repent, and look to God for pardoning mercy. And unless he does this, he must perish; for God hath said, '*The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, but the soul that sinneth, it shall die.*'"

Our discerning readers will readily perceive, that in this passage we have a *positive* and *designed denial* of the doctrine quoted from the catechism. The old orthodox doctrine of *imputed* and *derived depravity* is censurable as "absurd"—as "repugnant to scripture, reason, and experience;" and what would, at the commencement of the last century, have been censured as abominable heresy, is now boldly advanced as the orthodox faith. Since it is so evident that good people may differ in opinion, what better use can be made of the facts before us, than for all to learn their own liability to err, and for each to exercise that candour towards others, which he wishes others to exercise towards himself. The contradiction we have exhibited is indeed direct and glaring. If Dr. Emmons had not previously established a reputation for orthodoxy, it would perhaps have been difficult to distinguish between the opinion we have quoted from him, and that of a man whose very *name* has been converted into a term of reproach, and been used by many as such for several centuries. We have however the pleasure of believing, that many pious men have been of the opinion of the Westminster Assembly, and that many equally pious have been of the opinion of Dr. Emmons; but we do not believe that the *opinions* adopted, respecting the question before us, have been any evidence of piety on the one side, or the other. It is also our belief that the uncharitable spirit which has often appeared in managing the controversy, is far greater evidence of a want of christian humility, than either of the contradictory opinions. A man may innocently err in *opinion*, but error in *temper* is always criminal.

Chr. Dis. No. 14.

Aphorism.—Every one that is honestly disposed may find *direction* for what he is to do, from Right Reason and Plain Scriptures; the only ways by which men are taught of God,—nor is any other teaching necessary.

Objections to Unitarian Christianity Considered.

It is due to truth, and a just deference to our fellow christians, to take notice of objections which are currently made to our particular views of religion; nor ought we to dismiss such objections, as unworthy of attention, on account of their supposed lightness; because what is light to us, may weigh much with our neighbour, and truth may suffer from obstructions which a few explanations might remove. It is to be feared that those christians, who are called Unitarian, have been wanting in this duty. Whilst they have met the laboured arguments of their opponents fully and fairly, they have overlooked the loose, vague, indefinite objections, which float through the community, and operate more on common minds than formal reasoning. On some of these objections, remarks will now be offered; and it is hoped that our plainness of speech will not be construed into severity, or our strictures on different systems be ascribed to a desire of retalliation. It cannot be expected, that we shall repel with indifference, what seem to us reproaches on some of the most important and consoling views of christianty. Believing that the truths, which through God's good providence we are called to maintain, are necessary to the vindication of the divine character, and to the prevalence of a more enlightened and exalted piety, we are bound to assert them earnestiy, and to speak freely of the opposite errors which now disfigure christianity. We trust, however, that when it is remembered, with what language and feelings our views are assailed, we shall not be thought unwarrantably warm in their defence.—What then are the principal objections to Unitarian Christianity?

1. It is objected to us, that we deny *the divinity of Jesus Christ*. Now what does this objection mean? What are we to understand by *the divinity of Christ?* In the sense in which many christians, and perhaps a majority, interpret it, we do not deny it, but believe it as firmly as themselves. We believe firmly in the *divinity* of Christ's mission and office, that he spoke with *divine* authority, and was a bright image of the *divine* perfections. We believe that God dwelt in him, manifested himself through him, taught men by him, and communicated to him his spirit without measure. We believe that Jesus Christ was the most glorious display, expression, and representative of God to mankind, so that in seeing and knowing him, we see and know the invisible Father; so that when Christ came, God visited the world and dwelt with men more conspicuously than at any former period. In Christ's word we hear God speaking; in his miracles we behold God acting; in his character and life we see an unsullied image of God's purity and love. We believe, then, in the *divinity of Christ*, as this term is often and properly used. How then, it may be asked, do we differ from other Christians? We differ in this important respect. Whilst we honour Christ as the son, representative, and image of the supreme God, *we do not believe him to be the supreme God himself.* We maintain, that Christ and God are *distinct beings*, *two beings*, not one and the same being. On this point a little repetition may be pardoned, for many good christians, after the controversies of ages, misunderstand the precise difference between us and themselves. Trinitarianism teaches, that Jesus Christ is the supreme and infinite God, and that he and his Father are not only one in affection, counsel and will, but are strictly and literally *one and the same being.* Now to us this doctrine is most unscriptural and irrational. We say that the Son cannot be the same being with his own Father, that he, who was sent into the world to save it, cannot be the living God who sent him. The language of Jesus is explicit and unqualified. "I came not to do mine own will." "I came not from myself." "I came from God." Now we affirm, and this is our chief heresy, that Jesus was not and could not be *the God from whom he came*, but was another being; and it amazes us, that any can resist this simple truth. The doctrine, that Jesus, who was born at Bethlehem; who ate and drank and slept; who suffered and was crucified; who came from God; who prayed to God; who did God's will; and who said, on leaving the world, "I ascend to my Father and your Father to my God and your God;" the doctrine that this Jesus was the supreme God himself, and the same being with his Father, this seems to us a contradiction to reason and scripture so flagrant, that the simple statement of it is a sufficient refutation. We are often charged with degrading Christ; but if this reproach belong to any christians, it falls, we fear, on those who accuse him of teaching a doctrine so contradictory, and so subversive of the supremacy of our Heavenly Father. Certainly our humble and devout Master has given no ground for this accusation. He always expressed towards God the reverence of a son. He habitually distinguished himself from God. He referred to God all his powers. He said without limitation or reserve, "The Father is greater than I." "Of myself I can do nothing." If to represent Christ as a being distinct from God, and as inferior to him, be to *degrade* him, then let our opponents lay the guilt, where it belongs, not on *us*, but on our Master, whose language we borrow, in whose very words we express our sentiments, whose words we dare not trifle with and force from their plain sense. Our limits will not allow us to say more;

but we ask common christians, who have taken their opinions from the Bible rather than from human systems, to look honestly into their own minds, and to answer frankly, whether they have not understood and believed Christ's divinity, in the sense maintained by us, rather than in that for which Trinitarians contend.

2. I proceed to another objection, and one which probably weighs more with multitudes than any other. It is this, that our doctrine respecting Christ *takes from the sinner the only ground of hope*. It is said continually by our opponents, "We and all men are sinners by our very nature, and infinitely guilty before God. The sword of divine justice hangs over us, and hell opens beneath us; and where shall we find a refuge, but in an infinite Saviour? We want an *infinite atonement;* and in depriving us of this, you rob us of our hope, you tear from the scriptures the only doctrine which meets our wants. We may burn our Bibles, if your interpretation be true, for our case is desperate; we are lost forever. In such warm and wild language, altogether unwarranted by scripture, yet exceedingly fitted to work on common and terror-stricken minds, our doctrine is constantly assailed.

Now to this declamation, for such we esteem it, we oppose one plain request. Show us, we say, a *single* passage in the Bible in which we are told, that the sin of man is infinite, and needs an infinite atonement. We find *not one*. Not even a whisper of this doctrine comes to us from the sacred writers. Let us stop a moment and weigh this doctrine. It teaches us, that man, although created by God a frail, erring, and imperfect being, and even created with an irresistible propensity to sin, is yet regarded by his Creator as an *infinite offender*, meriting *infinite punishment* for his earliest transgressions; and that he is doomed to *endless torment*, unless an infinite Saviour appear for his rescue. And what man, we ask, has the courage to charge on our benevolent and righteous Parent, this merciless and iniquitous government of his creatures. Tell us not that Unitarianism cuts off the sinner's hope; for if God be what this system teaches, we see no hope for saint or sinner, for men or angels. Under such a sovereign every one's prospects grow black; every heart may well shudder.—We maintain, that man is not created in a condition which makes an infinite atonement necessary; nor do we believe that any creature can fall into a condition, from which God may not deliver him without this rigid expedient. Surely, if an infinite satisfaction to justice were indispensible to our salvation, if God took on him human nature for the very purpose of offering it, and if this fact constitute the peculiar glory, the life and essence, and the saving efficacy of the gospel, we must find it expressed clearly, definitely, in at least one passage in the Bible. But not one, we repeat it, can be found there.—We maintain farther, that this doctrine of God becoming a victim and sacrifice for his own rebellious subjects, is as irrational as it is unscriptural. We have always supposed that atonement, if necessary, was to be made *to*, not *by*, the sovereign, who has been offended; and we cannot conceive a more unlikely method of vindicating his authority, than that he himself should bear the punishment which is due to transgressors of his laws. We have another objection. If an infinite atonement be necessary, and if, consequently, none but God can make it, we see not but that God must become a sufferer, must take upon himself our pain and woe; a thought from which a pious mind shrinks with horror. To escape this difficulty, we are told, that Christ suffered *as man, not as God;* but if man only suffered, if only a human and finite mind suffered, if Christ, as God, was perfectly happy on the cross, and bore only a short and limited pain in his human nature, where, we ask, was the infinite atonement? Where is the boasted hope, which this doctrine is said to give to the sinner?

The objection, that there is no hope for the sinner, unless Christ be the infinite God, amazes us. Surely if we have a *Father in heaven, of infinite goodness and power*, we need *no other infinite person*, to save us. The common doctrine disparages and dishonours the only true God, our Father, as if, without the help of a second and a third divinity, equal to himself, he could not restore his frail creature, man. *We* have not the courage of our brethren. With the scriptures in our hands, with the solemn attestations which they contain to the divine Unity, and to Christ's dependence, we dare not give to the God and Father of Jesus, any equal or rival in the glory of originating our redemption, or of accomplishing it by underived and infinite power.—Are we asked, as we sometimes are, what is our hope, if Christ be not the supreme God? We answer, it is the boundless and almighty goodness of *his* Father and *our* Father; a goodness, which cannot require an infinite atonement for the sins of a frail and limited creature. God's essential and unchangeable mercy, not Christ's infinity, is the scriptural foundation of a sinner's hope. In the scriptures, our Heavenly Father is always represented as the sole original, spring, and first cause of our salvation; and let no one presume to divide his glory with another. That Jesus came to save us, we owe entirely to the Father's benevolent appointment. That Jesus is perfectly adequate to the work of our salvation, is to be believed, not because he is himself the supreme God, but because the supreme and unerring God selected, commissioned, and empowered him for this office. That his death is an important means of our salvation, we gratefully acknowledge; but ascribe its efficacy to the merciful disposition of God towards the human race. To build the hope of pardon on the independent and infinite sufficiency of Jesus Christ, is to build on an unscriptural and false foundation; for Jesus teaches us, that of himself he can do nothing; that all power is *given* to him by his Father; and that he is a proper object of trust, because he came not of himself, or to do his own will, but because the Father sent him. We indeed lean on Christ, but it is because he is "a corner-stone, *chosen by God, and laid by God* in Zion." God's forgiving love, declared to mankind by Jesus Christ, and exercised through him, is the foundation of hope to the penitent, on which we primarily rest, and a firmer the universe cannot furnish us. [*To be continued.*

For the Christian Register.

PERCIVAL'S POEMS.

A shabby looking volume of *Poems by James G. Percival* has been just published, which seems to possess more than ordinary claims to attention and favour. There is in it a great deal of the genuine poetical spirit, beautiful imagery, beautiful sentiment, and a great variety of appropriate and elegant language. One easily sees that the writer is a true poet. His pieces are upon all sorts of subjects, and in all varieties of measure; many of them written in evident haste and carelessly corrected. Amid so profuse a variety [at least 10,500 lines, by a young man of 26 years] there is of course much that is indifferent and poor. But I should have no hesitation in saying, that with proper industry and practice he is capable of writing a poem which shall give him a lasting name amongst authors.

I am sorry to be obliged to add, that in the moral and religious character of his writings there is something equivocal. From his own account of himself he is a young man, whose promises in life were once fair, whose dispositions were noble and virtuous, whose aspirations after a good fame were unbounded, but who has been led astray by bad company, and now in despair of recovering the place from which he has fallen, is determined not to seek it. This is the account of himself which he has seen fit to scatter amidst his verses; and his language about himself, his disappointments, and his prospects is occasionally such as can by no means be approved. In thus making himself the hero of his own poems, and filling them with confessions and despondency, he has evidently taken Lord Byron for his example, whom he follows in style as well as spirit, and whose "bad eminence" he appears to emulate. Now this may be, and I am half inclined to think it is, mere fiction, pretence, affectation—as it undoubtedly was in a good degree in his European model.—It may be little more than playing a part in an assumed character with assumed fortunes, for the sake of exciting an interest which he could not hope otherwise to excite. If so, I cannot help thinking it in bad taste, and the sympathy it may call up would be a poor compensation for the probable bad tendency of such delineations.—But if on the other hand, the author have been faithfully describing his own character and feelings, I must say that I think it would have been more to his honour to keep them to himself than proclaim them abroad. No man ought to exhibit himself to the world as one that despairs of becoming virtuous, and will seek to become so no longer.

I will not dwell upon this point, because I remember that the publication for which I am writing is devoted to religious uses, and I have said all that is suitable for its columns when I have thus animadverted on what I think the moral blemish of this volume. The world has long ago pronounced sentence on Rousseau's Confessions,—and I do not know why the poetical confessions of our modern writers should not be as decidedly discouraged. The cause of good morals is injured, a certain portion of poison is cast into the fountain of literature, whenever a writer may with impunity exhibit his naked deformity to the world, and ask compassion for sufferings real or pretended, that are the consequences of his crimes or his follies,—may produce his departure from virtue and his desperate resolution never to attempt to return to her dwelling. Those who cannot help pitying his misfortunes, will look with too little dislike upon his sins.

I cannot absolutely determine whether this writer is a believer in the christian religion or not. He says a good deal about religion and a future state, as if he had or wished to have faith; and then again he seems to be lost in the uncertainty and indecision of scepticism. This certainly is an unfavourable trait, because it destroys the reader's confidence in his author, by leading him to fear that he will write any thing for the sake of effect.

Perhaps I am wrong, and too harsh in my judgments. Perhaps I have not made allowance enough for the necessary effect of misfortune. If so, I ask pardon for my error, and hope it will be corrected. But I am so anxious that our literature should be pure, I think it of such incalculable importance to our country, that I cannot help being jealous of even the least symptom to the contrary. I am also persuaded of the powers of this author, and feel so confident that he will again appear before the public, that it seems to be every good man's duty to do his best to stay *every appearance of evil* at the beginning. Let him forget himself, and apply his strength faithfully and diligently to some important and connected subject, and quit that loose, rambling, immethodical style of which he seems to be growing fond, and which almost makes tedious the very beauties of his beautiful poem of *Prometheus;* and endeavour that a line shall not escape him which *dying he could wish to blot;* and I am certain he will be read with approbation and remembered with pleasure.

The following verses are among those of a religious character. I should not think it right, in these columns, to quote any other.

"I walk abroad at midnight and my eye,
Purg'd from its sensual blindness, upward turns,
And wanders o'er the dark and spangled sky,
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns,
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flow'rs—
I gaze, until my fancy's eye discerns,
As in an azure hall, the assembled pow'rs
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

"Methinks I hear their language—but it sounds
Too high for my conception, as the roar
Of thunder in the mountains, when it bounds
From peak to peak, or on the echoing shore
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,
And raise their awful voices, or the groan
Rumbling in Ætna's entrails, ere its store
Of lava spouts its red jets, or the moan
Of winds, that war within their cavern'd walls of stone.

"And there is melody among those spheres,
A music sweeter than the vernal train,
Or fay-notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,
Where moon-light dances on the liquid plain,
That curls before the west wind, and the main
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire—
'Tis Nature's Alleluia, and again
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire
Said, "be there light," and light shone forth at his desire.

"How my heart trembles on so vast a theme—
The boundless source of energy and pow'r,
The living essence of the good supreme,
The all-seeing eye, that watches every hour,
That marks the opening of each bud and flow'r.
That paints the colours of the ephemeron's wing,
That counts the myriad drops, which form the show'r,
As wondrous in the awakening call of spring,
As worlds, that lie beyond the stretch of Fancy's wing.

"Let Man come forth, and in the general throng
Of tuneful hearts, his high devotion raise,
And joining in the universal song
Of thankful rapture, centre all the rays
Of that heaven-lighted intellect whose blaze,
Bright emanation from the ethereal beam,
Forever kindling through eternal days,
A disembodied spark, along life's stream,
Shall always hasten on to excellence supreme.

"There is its only resting place—while here
We pine in heart-sick longing—Is the fire
That burns within our bosoms, for a sphere
Of brighter, purer being, something higher
Than all Man ever reach'd to, the desire
Of sinless purity and tireless thought,
But the vibration of a living wire,
The motion of frail flesh more nicely wrought,
That trembles here awhile and then consumes to naught!

"Our thoughts are boundless though our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal though our limbs decay,
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our car shall roll,
The temple of the Power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

"I feel it—though the flesh is weak, I feel,
The spirit has its energies untam'd
By all its fatal wanderings; time may heal
The wounds, which it has suffer'd; folly claim'd
Too large a portion of its youth, asham'd
Of those low pleasures, it would leap and fly
And soar on wings of lightning, like the fam'd
Elijah, when the chariot rushing by
Bore him with steeds of fire triumphant to the sky.

"Our home is not on earth: although we sleep
And sink in seeming death awhile, yet then
The awakening voice speaks loudly, and we leap
To life and energy and light again,
We cannot slumber always in the den
Of sense and selfishness, the day will break,
Ere we forever leave the haunts of men,
Even at the parting hour the soul will wake,
Nor, like a senseless brute, its unknown journey take.

"How awful is that hour, when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,
Deep in his soul, the thundering voice that rings,
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,
And screaming like a vulture, in his ears
Tells one by one his thoughts and deeds of shame;
How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame.

"Live for the present moment, but live so,
As you might live forever; let the cares
And toils of this poor transient being go,
And pluck the fruit the tree of knowledge bears,
And gaze upon the charms, which virtue wears,
Till her eye's light has fill'd and warm'd your breast—
Be strong and bold and active—he, who dares
Contend in virtue's panoply, is blest
Alone with heaven's unstain'd, enduring, noiseless rest."

These stanzas are certainly very beautiful; and there is much poetry as fine as this in the volume. If he would always write so, and be, as he should be, a moral and christian poet, devoting to the best purposes the distinguished powers which God has given him, he might become an ornament and blessing to his country.

ARTINIUS.

For the Christian Register.

Rev. Mr. Brooks' Family Prayer Book.

The connexion between our dependence on the great Original of all things, and the duty of acknowledging that dependence, in immediate addresses to the glorious Object of it, is so natural, necessary, and obvious; and a sense of the one so directly leads, and powerfully excites to the practice of the other; that it is almost inconceivable how any person who believes there is a God and a Providence, can live in a total neglect of prayer. It, however, hardly admits a doubt, that this devout exercise of the mind is, in general, far from being held in that high esteem, or practised with that regularity which its importance demands. We refer particularly to family prayer. Some act as though they thought once a week sufficiently often to worship their Maker; and that worship, at other times, is a matter of choice rather than duty.—Imperfect enough is this idea of devotion; and they who have or cherish no other, may be said to live almost without God in the world. The worship of God is founded in our nature; and if the common relation which mankind bear to each other and to the Almighty Parent and Lord of the Universe; if the blessings which they jointly share, and their dependence on the Giver of all good, for the continuance of them; if these are solid reasons why they should assemble together, publicly to offer up their united prayers and thanksgivings to God; what can be plainer than that the mercies which they as individuals receive, and their personal wants render it no less fit and reasonable, that they should separately, and in private, celebrate the goodness to which they are so highly indebted; and implore those further communications of it which they continually and so greatly need? The obligations of family prayers are the same as of public or private worship. Families are little societies; joint partakers of common bounties, and have prayers to offer to the Father of all the families on earth which can be offered with singular propriety from the family altar. It can hardly be needful here to recount the reasons for prayer. They are found in every page of human nature, and human life. In the interval between one weekly day of worship and another, it is no wonder if the multiplicity of worldly affairs, in a great measure, effaces those good impressions which men may have received at church, unless care is taken to preserve and strengthen them by devotional acts at other times. Family prayer tends peculiarly to strengthen and increase every pious and holy disposition: and its effects upon children and servants are peculiarly desirable. The connexion between asking and receiving is not arbitrary, but founded in the nature and reason of things: the injunctions of Scripture therefore are momentous indeed to us all. Such express commands are not to be passed by with impunity. Let all, then, well know what excuse they have to render to their God and Judge for a neglect of what is so repeatedly enjoined.—"Pour out thy fury upon the families that call not on thy name."—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—"Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above."—"Ask and it shall be given you."—"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children; how much more shall your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask *him*."

Perhaps we have too long delayed speaking of the "*Family Prayer Book*." Mr. Brooks has given us no preface to his book, and perhaps it was not needed; and since it might have increased the price of the work, he has judiciously omitted it. The volume is of two hundred pages, very well printed, on good paper, and put at a moderate cost. In a very appropriate letter, it is dedicated to the Third Church and Society in Hingham, for whose use it was almost exclusively composed and collected. With regard to the merits of the volume, we cannot judge for the community, but we should suppose it must be universally acceptable. There appears, as you pass from one prayer to another, that needful variety which is so difficult to attain. The great important parts of prayer are found in each morning and evening devotion; yet, to happily varied, and so united with other matter, that one might read through the family prayers, and not be reminded of any striking similarity in any two. There is an uncommon compass of phrase, which we suspect will awaken by its novelty; and not produce its desired effect till it has become somewhat familiar by use. There are some of the most devotional and elevated sentiments, expressed with great simplicity and power. There is a form of direct address to the Deity kept up, which is highly proper. We are not permitted to lose sight for a moment of the great Object of worship. On the whole, when we take into view their elevation of style, their correctness of sentiment, and their scriptural character, we think these prayers far exceed any which have been given to our churches. The author has drawn from the best sources, and has furnished us with much that is excellent, both selected and original. We hope the book will be widely circulated, and doubt not it will produce a happy influence in awakening the spirit of devotion; and by the aid it may afford to the timid and diffident, that it will be a means of reviving the too much neglected practice of family worship. A LAYMAN.

From the Unitarian Miscellany.

ENEMIES OF THE GOSPEL.

In alluding to unitarians much has lately been said in pulpits, and on different occasions, about the *enemies of the Gospel, enemies of the Cross, &c.* These phrases have become a sort of watchword among those, who think it more safe to throw out hints, make insinuations, and utter harmless anathemas, than to prefer open charges, which half of the community will know to be false, and which may easily be confuted to the satisfaction of the other half. The persons who have adopted this mode of attack upon us, must be allowed the merit of wisdom, if they possess it at the expense of charity. The object is to draw down as much odium as possible upon unitarians; and it requires no skill in magic to perceive, that this will be done the most effectually by exciting the alarms of the people, conjuring up frightful phantoms, and leaving the imagination to complete the work of terror.

Plain facts would be the most uncomfortable things in the world. Were these to have any place, something like an explanation would be necessary; reason and common sense would become unwelcome intruders, by their stern and inflexible demands would disturb the riots of fancy, and enforce the sober rules of truth. This would be but the beginning of troubles. Argument must come next; some respect must be paid to the understanding of the people; some regard must be had to facts; the dull business of proving the truth, reasonableness, and consistency of established creeds must be entered upon; the hopeless task of making the people see, that a reason can be given for their faith, must be undertaken; and what is worst of all, the sentiments of unitarians must be made known in their true character, and not in the coloured, caricatured, and garbled condition, which gives so much delight to some, and so much terror to others.

Now if all this weight of labour, this toil of intellect, this stubbornness of facts, can be avoided by lifting the magician's wand, does not every one see how much is gained? If the public mind can be kept in a due state of apathy, ignorance, or prejudice by the sound of a few words and phrases, who would be so unwise as to entangle himself in argument, or to awaken a curiosity, which he might find it no easy thing to satisfy? No; the best way is either to be entirely silent, or, by the use of general and indefinite expressions, adapted to alarm the fears of the multitude, to make them believe that the strange, distorted, hideous figures which they see, have the true features of unitarianism. Both of these modes are practised, as occasion may seem to require. A little skill is sometimes necessary to determine which is to be preferred. The latter is unquestionably the best among people who are willing to be made dupes, and believe all they hear; and the former among those, who are disposed to think for themselves.

Hence it is, that we find popular declaimers, and even sober sermonizers. falling into the very christian-like and charitable habit of characterizing unitarians as *enemies of the Gospel, and enemies of the Cross.* Very special care is taken that no definition be given of these phrases. This would break the charm, and leave too little for the imagination. Perhaps it is thought, that they are sufficiently defined by a bountiful use of other kindred phrases. They may mean the same thing as to *reject the gospel; to deny the Lord that bought them; to be deceivers, &c.* But these phrases have the same indefinite character as the first. They will produce the effect of making the people think unitarianism is something dreadfully bad, but what it is they have no conception: nor is it intended they shall. They may make it what they please, only let it be something as alarming to the fears as possible.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1821.

The extract in this paper headed "Enemies of the Gospel," is part of a communication which appeared in February last, in the Unitarian Miscellany, a publication issued monthly at Baltimore. Although great exertions have heretofore been made in our part of the country to render Unitarians odious by stigmatizing them as enemies to all true religion, yet for sometime past, this spirit of animosity seems to have prevailed with much the greatest virulence at the South. And we perceive that it has called forth some very spirited and appropriate remarks from the editors of the Miscellany. We wish we could say that there were no traces of so unworthy a spirit still remaining in our own region. In many towns a little removed from the capital, the subject of dispute has received but little attention. Of late however it has in many places been repeatedly and forcibly called up to view by violent anathemas against those who hold the pretended heresy. We have thought that the remarks from the Miscellany might be very properly introduced into our columns, because we know that in many cases the great noise made on the subject has consisted chiefly in declamation rather than argument. We scarcely dare trust our feelings to comment upon the style and temper in which some clergymen venture to speak in public upon this subject. When we hear men unblushingly and seriously declaring to their hearers, (many of whom are necessarily unacquainted with the merits of the question) that the disbelievers in the Trinity, *deny the Saviour*, are *enemies of the cross*, and as *bad as Atheists*,—our feelings are *shocked:* we know not how to account for conduct so inconsistent and contradictory. We see them in many respects in the highest degree exemplary, and observing with commendable faithfulness the precepts of the Saviour. But in other respects we find them violating in a most gross and palpable manner one of the plainest precepts of their blessed master. "Judge not that ye be not judged." And even in their judgments we find them treating with practical contempt the plain and only safe rule. "By their fruits shall ye know them,"—and instituting one of their own devising, whose operations, could they be enforced, would exclude multitudes as humble and devout, as pure in practice and as ardently devoted as themselves to God and the Saviour. We are constrained to look with mingled *astonishment* and *pity* on that lamentable strength of prejudice, which has power thus to tarnish and destroy the beauty of characters in many respects so resplendent. We feel ourselves bound to expostulate with them. and in the spirit of meekness to beseech them candidly and and faithfully as in the presence of our common Judge, to ask their own hearts, whether they have not hastily condemned their brother without a hearing? Whether they have not unkindly refused to listen to his reasons for the hope that is in him; and neglected to acquaint themselves with the sanctifying influence which his faith has produced on his heart and life.

We know not how a man can reflect with complacency, or even without bitter remorse, especially on a dying bed, upon such violent and (to say the least) truly unjustifiable denunciations. Is it possible that a man should be at peace with himself, when he remembers that he has been the instrument of nourishing in his hearers, and in the bosom of his own church, the unchristian feelings of enmity, bitterness and exclusion towards their christian brethren, men of most exemplary and humble lives, and with whom they must often be called to surround the table of their common Lord to commemorate his dying love? No, such a man, when he reflects, cannot be at peace with himself. He may for a time persuade himself that the greatness of the error he combats, justifies the severity of his denunciations, but after all, a busy and faithful conscience will have its time to speak, and "whether he will hear, or whether he will forbear," it *will* whisper in his unwilling ear, "*Was it an act of love?*" "Had I the *example of my Saviour* for it?" "Was it not the *haste of passion?*" "Had I ever *examined the arguments* opposed to my faith, with an *honest, patient, and humble heart?*"

We earnestly pray, that when conscience sends home these pungent and searching appeals to the hearts of any, there may be no lurking enemies of their future peace there, to hinder their efficacy. We are happy in the belief that such intolerance is disapproved by the greater part of serious reflecting men, even amongst those who think Unitarianism an error. The influence of these will undoubtedly oppose some obstacle to the future indulgence of this spirit of intolerance. But should it not, still the influence of these endeavours must after all be limited, for there are in all our religious societies many thinking and independent minds, who can discern between declamation and argument, and who know very well that men generally grow loud and declamatory in proportion to the want of argument, and the weakness of their cause.

FEMALE ASYLUM.

The anniversary of the *Boston Female Asylum*, will be celebrated on Friday the 21st inst. at the Rev. Mr. Frothingham's Meeting house in Chauncy Place. The sermon we understand will be delivered by the Rev. Professor EVERETT.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

SIR,—I lately saw in the Boston Athenæum a sermon of a Mr. Woodbridge, (of some town in Hampshire County I think) in which he tells his people, that "on the very spot where the Cotton's and Mather's preached, *the Saviour of the world is* INSULTED." Now I live upon this spot, if by *spot* he means *town*, and having never heard the Saviour insulted, was a good deal astonished at finding the assertion so roundly made by a minister of the gospel, in his official capacity. From the connexion in which the sentence stands, I supposed that he must mean to charge the insult upon certain *ministers;* and as I am sure *all* the ministers in Boston have not insulted the Saviour, I was led to infer that he intended to designate those who occupy the pulpits of "the Cottons and the Mathers." Who, then, I enquired, are the successors of these celebrated men? I found them to be the Rev. Messrs. FROTHINGHAM and WARE, I made inquiry whether any one remembered this 'insult,' and on what occasion it was offered. Every body was astonished. No one had ever heard of it before.—This is very strange, thought I; here is a minister far back in the country, who directly charges these gentlemen with having INSULTED their Saviour; and yet nobody on the spot has any recollection or knowledge of such insult. On the contrary, I find from those who attend their services, that they are not behind others in expressions of reverence for the Lord Jesus, and that they celebrate his memory as frequently and fervently as others.

Mr. Editor, I do think this matter ought to be seriously looked into. If Mr. Woodbridge knows of instances, unknown to others, in which these gentlemen have cast insult upon their Master, instead of telling it to his little parish in the country who have no concern in the matter, he ought to come here, and expose them by a relation of facts to their own people. He ought to unmask them, and put them to public shame by making known where, when, and how, they have 'insulted' him whom they preach and profess to honour. If he cannot do this, he ought himself to be exposed as a defamer. If it is a mere flourish of rhetoric, or a random shot of zeál, by which he has sought to increase prejudice and blacken the reputation of his brethren;—let him answer it to his conscience; let him examine whether he have observed in this matter the commands of his Saviour, or exhibited his spirit, or done worthily of the dignity of his office.

Perhaps some of your readers may help us to pass a right judgment concerning this affair, by informing us who this Mr. Woodbridge is?—what particular opportunities he has of knowing minutely what takes place in Boston;—what his acquaintance is with the ministers of the town;—how much he has attended their preaching;—and how intimate his private acquaintance is with those upon whom he has charged this blasphemy. If Mr. Woodbridge does not come forward himself to establish the fact which he has asserted, I think that some one would do essential service to the Christian community by communicating information on these points; as all might thence judge how far he is to be trusted; and would know whether or not it is necessary to apply to him that passage of Scripture,—*If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.*

ARTINIUS.

FIRE.

We understand that during the brisk wind on the forenoon of Monday last, the Mansion of the late President ADAMS in Quincy, took fire, and was with much difficulty saved from entire conflagration. The fire caught on the roof, by means of some burning cinders from the chimney of the farm house. Mr. Adams had just set out in company with his son, the Hon. J. Q. A., on a journey to Princeton.

THE LATE GALE.

The extent of the late gale was great. Almost every mail since its occurrence has brought us account of damage done to houses, stores, wharves, vessels, &c.

MAINE ELECTION.

The election of Governor, Senators, and Representatives in the State of Maine, took place on Monday the 10th inst. In Portland the votes stood thus—

Hon. E. Whitman 393—Judge Parris 339—Gen. Wingate 143. Returns had been received from eight of the neighbouring towns. The amount of votes received was 2581, of these Judge P. had 1295—Hon. Mr. W. 805—Gen. W. 483.

The Hon. JOHN HOOKER, of Springfield, has been appointed by the Governor and Council, Judge of Probate for the County of Hampden.

The Hon JONATHAN H. LYMAN, of Northampton, is appointed County Attorney for the County of Hampshire, in the place of the Hon. E. H. Mills, resigned.—*Repert.*

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

At the Commencement, in Bowdoin College on Wednesday last, the degree of Bachelor of arts was conferred on 21 young gentlemen.

The degree of Doctor of Medicine was taken by Phinehas Ingalls and Wheeler Randall; and Benjamin F. Greene, M. D. of Dartmouth University was admitted *ad eundem.*

The honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, of Portland.

The following alumni were admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, viz.;—

Rufus Anderson, Edmund T. Bridge, Benjamin Hale, Frederick B. Page, Josiah Pierce, jr. Geo. B. Sewall, George Starret, James P. Vance, Joseph Walter and Wm. B. Walter.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Hon. Erastus Foote, Hon. Enoch Lincoln, Rev. Gideon W. Olney, of Gardiner, Dr. Moses Shaw, of Wiscasset, and Bellamy Storer, Esq. of Ohio.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, and Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on his Excellency Samuel Bell, Governor of New-Hampshire, and the Hon. William Wirt, Attorney General of the U. States.

The Commencement at Bowdoin College will in future be held on the Wednesday preceding the last Wednesday in August.

Summary of Foreign News.

THE CORONATION.

By the Ship Falcon, from Liverpool, which arrived at this port on Sunday, London papers to July 28, have been received. In these we have very full and minute accounts of the ceremony of the Coronation of George IV. We shall have room for only the leading facts and outlines of the ceremony.

The following particulars are selected from the different papers in which the account of the ceremony is given.

ENGLAND. LONDON, JULY 20, 1821.

The preparations for this occasion were exceedingly splendid and expensive. The Coronation took place in Westminster Abbey. The procession to the Abbey, proceeded from Westminster Hall, where the King, his nobles, and those who came to witness and assist in the ceremony of the Coronation, first assembled. The Hall began to fill up at the early hour of 3 o'clock. The female members of noble families, and of the Royal family, entered at 6 o'clock. Precisely at 10, the King entered the Hall from the door behind the Throne, habited in robes of vast size, and in the highest degree rich and splendid, and wearing a black hat with a high plume of Ostrich feathers, out of the midst of which rose a black Heron's plume. After the regalia had been delivered to the different persons, by whom they were to be carried,—the procession proceeded to Westminster Abbey.

When the King entered, a solemn anthem was sung by 300 performers. The King then ascended to the theatre, opposite the altar, and knelt in private devotion. The heat of the weather was excessive, and the King appeared distressed almost to fainting under his ponderous robes. After resting some time, however, he moved through the church, made his obeisance to the *Throne*, knelt a second time, in prayer, and then took a seat in a chair near the throne. The solemn ceremonies then commenced with an *Anthem.* These were followed by the ceremony of Recognition of the King, with plaudits, as the undoubted Monarch of the realm; then the ceremony of oblation took place,—the King uncovering at the altar, kneeling, and delivering a *wedge of gold* to the Archbishop, repeating "*Thou shalt not appear before the Lord thy God empty.*" The Coronation Oath was then administered; then followed the Anointing, according to the canonical law;—then the presentation of the *Spurs* and the *swords;* then the act of placing the *Crown* on the King's head; then the presentation of the *Holy Bible*, and the investure of the *Armill*, the *Robes* and the *Ring.* All these were followed by suitable exhortations—all pronounced by the Archbishop.

The King—thus anointed, and crowned, was then enthroned, and received the homage of all Princes of the Blood Royal, the Archbishops, Bishops, Peers, &c. Prayers, Anthems, Confessions, and the Communion followed; and the exercises were closed by a Sermon delivered by the Archbishop.—TEXT "*The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.*"

The disrobing of the King, and other ceremonies having taken place, the Procession was re-formed, and returned to Westminster Hall, in much the same order as before, to partake of the Coronation Banquet.

On entering the Hall, the Barons of the Cinque Ports bearing the canopy remained at the bottom of the steps. His Majesty ascended the elevated platform, and retired into his chamber near the state.

The company at the tables then sat down; and the Barons of the Cinque Ports carried away the canopy.

On the return of the King to the Hall, with his crown on his head, he was received with the most enthusiastic and long continued shouts, of "*Long live George the Fourth.*"

The preparations for the Banquet in Westminster Hall had been made during the ceremonies at the Abbey. The details are given with considerable minuteness, but we have not room for them. The chief ceremony of the Coronation now remaining is what is called the *Challenge.*

Challenge.

During the Banquet, the King's Champion, Mr. Dymeke, entered the Hall on horseback, accompanied by noblemen, heralds, armour bearers, and pages, and clad in a full suit of burnished armour. After the trumpets had sounded thrice, the Herald with a loud voice proclaimed his challenge thus;—

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Son and next Heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King, deceased, to be right Heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed."

The gauntlet (glove) was then thrown on the floor, where it lay some time, and was taken up by the Herald, and returned to the Champion. The King then sent him a cup of wine, which he drank, after making a low obeisance, and departed, taking the golden cup and cover for his fee.

The styles and titles of the King were then thrice proclaimed by the *Kings at Arms*, in Latin, French and English.

The *Health of George the 4th* was drank with the most rapturous enthusiasm, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs. "God save the King" was then sung; and when the choir came to the words, "*Scatter his enemies,*" and "*Frustrate their knavish tricks,*" the assembly renewed their shouts and acclamations. The King bowed, with much condescension, and directed the Earl Marshal to say;—

"The King thanks his Peers for drinking his health, and does them the honour to drink their health, and the health of all his good people."

The hall again resounded with "*Long live our Sovereign King George the Fourth.*"—The King soon after retired and reached his Palace in Pall-mall between 9 and 10 o'clock.

Some time previously to the Coronation, the Queen petitioned the Privy Council, that she might be crowned with her husband; but her petition was rejected. After publishing a protest against the decision of the Council,—she attended agreeably to her promise to be present at the Coronation. She made application at a number of passages for admission to the Hall, but not having a ticket was rejected. She at length retired without gaining admittance.

The King will embark for Ireland on the 4th August. During the King's absence, the Queen has announced her intention to visit Edinburgh. Prince Leopold has set out on a visit to his German Relations.

FRANCE. PARIS, JULY 24.

We have accounts from Turkey which shock humanity.—The city of *Sydonia*, containing a population of 30,000 Christians, has been burnt by the Turks, the male population massacred, and the women and children carried into slavery.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, JULY 6.

We expect daily to hear that war has been proclaimed between *Russia* and *Turkey.* The Russian merchants are quitting the Turkish dominions, to avoid a merciless massacre should war be declared.

The Russians are said to have entered Galitz, and to be advancing towards Balkars. Prince *Ypsilanti* has advanced towards Little Wallachia.

SPAIN.

By letters from Madrid of July 12, we learn that the seditious conduct of the populace had so intimidated the ministry that they had petitioned the king to convoke the extraordinary Cortes, which he has promised to do before the first of October.

FAMILY PRAYER BOOK.

We are requested to insert the following *errata*, in Mr. Brooks' Family Prayer Book.

Page 29, 10th line from top, for *Oh!* read *O.*—Page 32, 9th line from the top, for *haren*, read *hearen.*—Page 84, 4th line from the top, for *tone*, read *lore.*—Page 97, 7th line from the top, for *hear*, read *bear.*—Page 124, 4th line from the bottom, for *interesting*, read *increasing.*—Page 136, 1st line, for *under the tyranny*, read *under the miseries of tyranny.*—Page 157, 4th line from the bottom, for *fine*, read *pure.*—Page 159, 9th line from bottom, for *last* read *lost.*—Page 196, 7th line from the bottom for *useful and virtuous*, read *useful; and virtuous.*

ORDINATION.

On Wednesday, the 12th inst. the Rev. RICHARD M. HODGES was ordained Pastor of the Church and Society in South Bridgewater, as successor of the late Rev. Dr. Sanger. The whole proceedings of the day were harmonious and highly interesting. The council was organized by the appointment of Rev. Dr. Reed, of West-Bridgewater, as Moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Palfrey, of Boston, as Scribe. The introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Sanger, of Dover—The Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lowell, of Boston, from Acts, xx. 20; "*I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you and have taught you publicly, and from house to house.*" It was a very solemn and impressive discourse, and we hope will not fail of being made public. The Ordaining Prayer was by Rev. Dr. Harris, of Dorchester—the Charge by Rev. Dr. Prince, of Salem—the Fellowship of the Churches by Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Lexington—and the concluding Prayer by Rev Mr. Palfrey, of Boston. The musical performances were carried through with much spirit and in excellent taste.

MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. John G. W. H. Charleton to Miss Sarah Pierpont Coolidge.—By the Rev. Mr. Wisner, Mr. Isaac C. Brewer to Miss Abigail D. Brewer.

On Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Wisner, Mr. Gorham Davenport, merchant of Alabama, to Miss Mary Ann H. Church, of this town.

In Dedham, 3d inst. by Rev. Mr. Gammell, Mr. Wesley P. Balch, of Medfield, to Miss Mary Baker, daughter of Joseph Baker, Esq. of Dedham.

In Westborough, on Wednesday, Mr. Gaius Ellis of Brookfield, to Miss Julia Chamberlain of the former place.

DIED,

In this town, on Sunday, Mr. Richard Bruce, aged 21.—Mr. Josiah Snelling, aged 80.—Mr. Charles Nowell, aged 21.—Julia Ann, aged 11 weeks, daughter of Mr. George A. Eames.—John, son of Mr. John and Mrs. Elizabeth S. Hurley, aged 16 months.

On Monday morning, Frederick C. son of the Rev. William Jenks, aged 14.—Capt. Samuel Parsons, aged 25, late of Wiscasset.—Sarah, daughter of Mr. Solomon S. Baxter, aged 12 months.

In South Boston, on Friday morning last, Alfred youngest son of Edw. B. Walker, aged 5 months.

In Charlestown, on Saturday morning last, Mrs. Abigail Devens, aged 38, wife of Mr. David Devens.—Mr. Nathaniel Safford, Jr. aged 21.

In London, Sir Watkin Lewes, Father of the City. He was twice Lord Mayor of London.

In Havana, July 31, J. P. Hall, of sch. Zealous, of Boston.

POETRY.

For the Christian Register.

THE WARRIOR AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

See where in glittering pageantry
The fallen warrior lies,
While to the martial trumpet's cry
The muffled drum replies.
Amid the sounds of unfelt woe,
He's on earth's bosom plac'd,
And "honour him who sleeps below,"
Upon his tomb is trac'd.

And many a voice shall speak his fame;
"He bravely fought and fell;"
And pillars of brass record his name,
And all his glory tell.
But will these hush the widow's cry,
The orphan's tear restrain?
Will they suppress the mother's sigh,
For one whom he hath slain?

Now look on yonder mournful throng;
Mute grief sits on their brow;
They wail the death of one who long
The way to heaven did show.
Religion's noble cause to aid,
A distant land he sought;
And many a darken'd heathen mind
To Christian light he brought.

But fell disease spares not the good,
They too must feel its power;
Whate'er their faith or zeal, will these
Delay the mortal hour?
In meek submission to that hand
Which guides our doubtful tread,
He breathes away his placid soul,
And sinks among the dead.

Around his grave, the stranger weeps;
His foll'wers mourn his doom;
And whilst his dust in quiet sleeps,
His soul hath found its home.
Now o'er him let the cypress wave,
And wild flowers, blooming fair,
Proclaim the tender steadfast love
Of those who plant them there.

Ah, who would change his peaceful rest,
For all the pomp and pride
That decks the laurel'd warrior's grave,
Through all the world beside.
Grant, Father! I may die in peace,
Whene'er the hour may be;
And, living, let all glory cease,
But that of serving Thee. C.

From the Monthly Repository.

HYMN.

When before thy throne we kneel,
Fill'd with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All Thy sacred presence near.
Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought—and less than nought;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak imperfect creatures we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee,
Midst Thy light ineffable,
O forgive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayer,
Infinite and Holy One!

The following fragment of our history, from the pen of a much respected correspondent, will, we think be found sufficiently interesting to apologize for its length.

For the Christian Register.

Historical Sketches of New-England.

At the restoration of Charles the second, many persons, who had been conspicuous in public affairs, during the administration of Cromwell, and in the times of anarchy which preceded it, were obliged to flee to other countries for safety. And as it was generally thought that New-England was possessed by kindred spirits to those who brought the first Charles to the scaffold, many, presuming upon their sympathy, crossed the Atlantic, and took shelter there.

Among the most conspicuous of these were Goffe and Whaley, two of that king's judges. These had figured much under the protector, having sustained important military commands in his service. In July, 1660, they landed at Boston, and as at that time no official notice of the accession of Charles the second had reached them, they were received with respect and even with kindness. They soon found, however, that at Boston, they were constantly exposed to the observation of such of their countrymen as daily resorted thither, and they feared lest they should attract the notice of their government. They therefore retired to Cambridge, and by the humility and simplicity of their mode of life, hoped to escape notice.

After some time, an act of pardon was obtained from king Charles the second, who had ascended the British throne. But the act contained exceptions, and what was peculiarly alarming, the names of Goffe and Whaley were found among them.—The Governor of Massachusetts immediately called together his court of assistants, to deliberate on the proper measures to be pursued in relation to this case. But the court did not think proper, without express orders from the king, to arrest them.

But the exiles had not dared to wait the result. Finding themselves so particularly obnoxious to the government of their country, as to be excluded from an act of pardon which embraced nearly the whole nation, and not being perfectly acquainted with the temper of the government in whose power they were, they hastily left Massachusetts, and sought a refuge in the more remote colony of Connecticut.

On their first arrival at New-Haven, they were well received. Many of the clergy, and some of the principal magistrates took a kind notice of them, and they vainly fancied themselves remote from danger. But this was not their fortune. They had with impious hands attempted to pull down the sacred fabric of their country's government, and years of painful privation, in a strange land, far from friends and kindred, with the fear of death ever before them, must atone for their crime. For, scarcely had they arrived at the place of their fancied security, when they were informed that the Governor of Massachusetts had received the royal mandate, commanding to have them arrested, and sent bound to England, there to share the fate of their fellows.

Upon the receipt of this, the whole country was alarmed on their account; and the Massachusetts government, became earnest in their endeavours to apprehend and deliver up the victims: And to efface the bad impression which their former conduct might have occasioned, and to convince their sovereign of their sincerity, they commissioned two persons, who were known royalists and recently from England, to take them. These in their pursuit passed through the country as far as the Dutch settlement at Manhados, but could not find them. They could trace them as far as New-Haven, but there all intelligence ceased. All they could learn, was, that certain persons had received them into their houses, and they had disappeared. They then threatened them with the effects of the royal displeasure, but finding their threats unavailing, they changed their policy. They offered large rewards for any discovery respecting them, and these offers extended as well to the Indians as to the English. Still they found the fidelity of those, who were in the secret of their concealment, equally as firm under the temptations of avarice, as under the impulse of fear; and they despaired of accomplishing their purpose.

In the mean time the fugitives were under the most distressing embarrassments. To give themselves up to the king's officers, was the sure way to an ignominious death, and that, when they felt conscious of no crime. To remain under the protection of their generous friends, and thus expose them to the vengeance of an incensed king, was worse than death, and they finally came to the resolution of going abroad and braving the danger. But they were better advised. Two faithful and hardy guides were procured for them, who well understood the most solitary recesses of the wilderness, which then surrounded that infant settlement. They led them to a distance from New-Haven, and in the side of a mountain, scooped out for them a cave, carefully concealing its entrance from all observation from without; and here, in a habitation of the rudest kind, in which human beings of the lowest order can scarcely endure existence, and with furniture fitted for such a residence, these exiles, who but a short time before had borne conspicuous parts in one of the greatest events in modern history, were obliged to secrete themselves. And here they passed many a gloomy month; their cave affording them shelter during storms and the hours of sleep. In pleasant weather they ventured abroad, but within very circumscribed limits. They dared not even pursue the game which crossed their path in every direction, or to take fish from the brooks which ran at no great distance from them. In their forlorn condition, their friends were careful to supply them secretly with food and other necessaries, and as their thoughts were still more on the world, they brought to them such publications as would inform them of the great political events taking place in it. In these they once noticed with great pleasure an account of their own death in Switzerland, and the circumstance came very near to occasion their discovery. They abated their usual vigilance in watching the approach of strangers, ventured further, and staid longer than usual from their dwelling. At length, one day, in one of these unguarded rambles they discovered the approach of a hunting party of Indians, in a direction which effectually cut them off from their cave. Impelled by sudden fear they sprang up into a tree. The Indians advanced and coming to the path which led to their residence, and which they had not taken the usual precaution to conceal—they suddenly halted and examined it with surprise and caution. After some conversation in their uncouth language accompanied by mysterious shrugs and distortions of countenance, they turned and made directly for the cave. They found it open, and after some hesitation entered. But it was too poor to tempt the honesty of savages, and they left it untouched. The adventure was soon noised abroad, and Goffe and his companion deemed it unsafe to abide any longer in the place.

They were now reduced to great distress.—They must leave their little asylum, and, although rude, and in many respects uncomfortable, yet endeared to them by the safety it had so long afforded them; and they had no reasonable hopes of another. In this trying moment their friends did not desert them. Application had been made to a Mr. Russell, a worthy minister of the gospel in Hadley, who was acquainted with their story. With the most ready kindness he agreed to receive and conceal them, and the exiles were advised as to the route they must pursue to reach his residence.

Taking the course of the great river which they kept in view as a guide, in the most silent hours of the night they pursued their way; and when the day dawned it warned them to retire into some deep recess of the woods, there to remain until the coming night should allow them to pass on without observation. In this manner they journied on a hundred miles, to Hadley, which was the highest settlement then possessed by the whites on the Connecticut. There their generous benefactor received them according to his promise. And so effectually did he hide them, that in a place where every new form or movement would excite observation, their secret was never known to any but those who were purposely intrusted with it. It ought to be observed that Goffe, and his companion, were not wholly dependant on the charity of their friends for a subsistence. Every year they regularly received remittances from England, paid by their wives, with whom they kept up a constant correspondence under fictitious names and characters. Goffe assumed that of Walter Goldsmith, and his wife, taking the name of Francis, wrote in character of his mother.

In observing the persevering solicitude with which some of the principal men in New-England shielded these men from the vengeance of Charles, some may be ready to conclude that our fathers were not favourable to the established government, but delighted in revolution. But this was not the fact. Disloyalty was no part of the character of the inflexible spirits, which subdued this land. The history of the times will show that they were not pleased to see the foundations of civil establishments broken up by unskilful hands; especially the government of their native land, endeared to them by many fond recollections. But we have an express declaration of theirs, which will show, unequivocally, with what sentiments they viewed the restoration. We ought, say the government of Massachusetts, in an official declaration in 1661, to endeavour the preservation of his Majesty's royal person, and realms, and dominions; and so far as lyeth in us, to discountenance and prevent plots and conspiracies against the same.

The only tie, therefore, which bound many in this country to the suffering exiles, was the affinity in religious fervour and endurance, which subsisted between the promoters of the revolution and the settlers of New-England. It had only to claim kindred to have its claims allowed. Goffe, and his companion, when they contemplated going to America, brought letters of their religious qualifications to the principal men of New-England, from pious divines in their own land. And after their landing at Boston, such was their devout and humble demeanour, and edifying conversation, that they were examples of piety in the most holy times New-England ever saw.

In their retreat at Hadley, these unhappy men consoled themselves with the hope that some change in the politics of England would call them to their native land. But what to us is strange, although strikingly characteristic of the times, they relied more on some current prophecies, which darkly hinted at some such event, than on the transactions of the day. The year 1664 was the predicted time, but when it arrived, nothing strange transpired. So far from it, every account from England proved that the merry king Charles and his friends were daily becoming more popular.

Yet they clung to their prophecy and even doubted the correctness of the christian era. Another year passed on, and then another, and all remained quiet. At length even *their* credulity could extend no further, and they abandoned hope, and gave themselves up to unmanly complaints and sorrows. About this time Whaley died, and Goffe remained alone in his retreat.

In 1675, Philip's war raged in New-England, and the river towns in Massachusetts were the scenes of many a bloody tragedy. On account of its situation and luxuriant soil, the town of Hadley had become, a place of much importance to the whites; and for the same causes, the Indians envied them its possession. Alarms and dangers were on every side. Armed men, watched their companions whilst they sowed their fields, not knowing, but their enemies might reap the harvest. Even their religious assemblies were profaned by the din of arms.

It chanced that the Indians at this period planned an attack in the place, on the Sabbath day; and to make sure of their prey, they designed to fall on, during the time of service, and cut them all off together. Their approach was sudden and unexpected, but not so secret as they intended. They were seen to rise in a large body, from a thick wood, at no great distance and the cry of alarm was immediately sounded within the house—all were instantly in confusion. The armed men oppressed by the terror and cries of their wives and children were deaf to the voice of command and vainly attempted to seek safety by flight. The Indians saw their irresolution, and with the most maddening yells, rushed forward to seize their prey. At this critical moment a man in a strange garb appeared among them. His locks were of the whiteness of wool; in his countenance there was a settled melancholy, which time had impressed there, with indelible marks; and with apparent indifference he surveyed the horrid scene before him, equally uninfluenced by fear, as by the little events of this world. In the most solemn and impressive manner, and with a voice accustomed to command, he called to those around him to stand, to face the enemy, and save their helpless wives and little ones. As if under some preternatural influence, the awe struck soldiery stop and mechanically gather themselves under his guidance. To those without the compass of his voice, he beckons with the hand and directs to place themselves beside their fellows. Suddenly the panic ceases, the cries of fear and despair are hushed, and all feel as if they were under the protection of some divinity. In this tone of mind, he led on his followers to the charge. A bloody fight ensued, in which the Indians, after a great slaughter, gave way and fled. The men of Hadley pursued until their victory and deliverance were complete. But on looking round for their leader, to congratulate him on the success of their joint efforts, and to bless him for his goodness, he was gone, and no one could give any account of him. The most hardy and incredulous were astonished at the strangeness of the event; whilst the more ignorant and superstitious, felt assured that they owed their lives, to the agency of some beneficent being, not of this world. This story went abroad, and long after it was considered in the country as one of those mysterious and fearful dispensations, which Providence in wisdom, chooses to invoke in darkness, and which trembling mortals hardly dare to investigate.

Some years after, a faint rumour passed through Hadley, that the bodies of two strange persons were buried in the minister's cellar; and this was the last semblance of knowledge, which the men of that age, had of the fate of Goffe and Whaley. At length, however, when to have protected these men was not deemed a crime, the truth came out; and the inhabitants of the place learned with grateful pleasure, the faithful benevolence of their beloved pastor, and the obligation they were under, to this venerable guest. A. C.

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